

NO.  
48

# PEP



The **SHIELD**

MAY

# COMICS

10¢

**BOY!**  
HOW'S THAT  
FOR A  
CATCH,  
**SHIELD**  
?







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

## GREETINGS, GANG:

At this writing the contest we started in last month's PEP magazine has not yet hit the news-stands. Therefore, naturally, no contestant's letters have been received. So, this in between period is a good time to transmit a vital message from your government to you.

There is a very acute shortage of paper and Uncle Sam wants you to save all the scrap paper you can get your hands on. And, here is the nice part. When you have saved enough paper to make a worthwhile bundle, DON'T GIVE IT AWAY! SELL IT. Here is a chance for you to make some money and be patriotic at the same time.

Anything at all that is paper means money in your pocket. Old newspapers, magazines, cardboard boxes, etc. Now, here is how you go about selling it. Every city, town and village will have a salvage department. In the bigger cities it might be a junkman or a circulation collection depot whose address you can find out by calling your local O.P.A. Board. In smaller towns it might be your local church organizations or Boy Scout Headquarters or the Red Cross, and so on.

Remember, paper is ammunition, vital ammunition. Dusty and I know that if there is one group of boys and girls in this country who will come to the aid of Uncle Sam when he needs them, that group is the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. Well, your Uncle Sam needs you now. So, go to it, boys and girls.

Sincerely,

*Joe Higgins  
(The Shield)*

## USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

**Joe Higgins  
Room 603  
241 Church St.  
New York City**

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE  
IN THREE COLORS  
RED—WHITE—BLUE



THE ORIGINAL  
**SHIELD**  
AND  
**DUSTY**  
the  
BOY DETECTIVE

*The* **CURSE** *OF THE*  
**BLACK MONKEY**





OUR STORY OPENS IN  
THE CROW'S NEST OF  
A U.S. TRANSPORT..

WHAT'S THAT?  
A PIECE OF FLOATING  
WRECKAGE, AND...  
HOLY MACKEREL!

NO WONDER THE SAILOR IS  
AMAZED, FOR LOOK AT THE  
SURVIVOR HE SEES..



THANK YOU  
FOR LETTING  
ME KEEP THE  
MONK, CAPTAIN!

WELL, YOU SAW HIM  
FIRST, JOHNSON!  
FUNNY THAT A **MONKEY**  
SHOULD BE THE **ONLY**  
**SURVIVOR!**



THAT EVENING A RAGING GALE  
BLOWS UP..



THIS IS SURE A  
QUEER LOOKIN'  
MONK! **ALL BLACK**  
AND **BLIND** AS A  
BAT! GIVES ME THE  
CREEPS THE WAY IT  
JUST KEEPS  
STARIN'...



MAKES ME FEEL  
AS THOUGH  
SOMETHING'S  
GOING TO  
HAPPEN ANY...

AGH H H H



AND BLIND THOUGH IT SEEMS  
TO BE THE **BLACK MONKEY**  
MAKES ITS WAY UNERRINGLY  
TOWARD DECK, LEAVING BEHIND  
ITS DEAD OWNER---





NEXT DAY...

COME IN!

KNOCK  
KNOCK

WHAT IS  
IT, LIEUT.  
COOK?

IT'S ABOUT  
THIS MONK, SIR!  
I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT TO DO  
WITH IT!

NONE OF THE  
BOYS'LL HAVE IT!  
THEY SAY IT'S  
A JINX!

SUCH NONSENSICAL  
SUPERSTITION! JOHNSON'S  
DEATH WAS SHEER ACCIDENT..  
HERE...I'LL  
TAKE IT!

DAYS LATER THE SHIP  
PULLS INTO HOME PORT..

NOW YOU'RE GOING  
TO MEET THE BEST  
FAMILY A MAN EVER  
HAD, MONK!

ANN, DEAR  
IT'S GOOD  
TO SEE  
YOU AGAIN!

OH, ANDREW!  
I'M SO GLAD  
YOU'RE  
SAFE!

HELLO,  
DAD!





SO, ONCE AGAIN "THE JINX" LIVES UP TO ITS NAME! A SUNKEN SHIP WITH ALL HANDS LOST! A SAILOR STRUCK BY LIGHTNING! AND NOW A SHIP CAPTAIN! MERELY CO-INCIDENCE, OR IS THIS BLACK MONKEY WITH ITS WEIRD, UNSEEING EYES REALLY A HARBINGER OF EVIL? LET US SEE!





SURE IS A **QUEER**  
LOOKIN' **BUGGER!**  
BLACK AS  
SIN!

AND **BLIND**  
TOO! DAD SAID  
HIS CREW THOUGHT  
IT BAD LUCK!  
CALLED IT  
"THE  
**JINX!**"

BUT I **DON'T**  
BELIEVE IN  
THAT ROT,  
ANY MORE  
THAN... **HEY!**  
WE'RE **LOSIN'**  
ALTITUDE!



MOTOR'S  
CONKIN' OUT!  
BAIL OUT,  
CHARLIE!



**CRASH!**

FROM THE WRECKAGE A  
LONE SURVIVOR  
EMERGES...



FROM HAND TO HAND "THE  
**JINX**" TRAVELS...  
EVER BRINGING  
MISFORTUNE...  
IT'S BEADY  
LITTLE GLITTER-  
ING EYES  
UNSEEING...AND  
YET SEEMING  
TO SEE ALL! THEN  
AFTER A DEVIOUS  
PROCESS OF  
EXCHANGE, WE  
PICK UP IT'S CAREER  
ONCE AGAIN... THIS  
TIME IN POSSESSION  
OF PIETRO, THE  
ORGAN GRINDER...



'AT'S  
ENOUGH  
FOR ONE  
DAY, **JINX!**



**HA--** WE  
MAKE A DA  
GOOD BUSINESS  
TODAY!



HARD LUCK. A  
MONK, THEY TELL ME  
WHEN THEY SELL A  
YOU TO ME! **HA!**  
FOR ME YOU ARE  
THE GOOD. A  
LUCK!

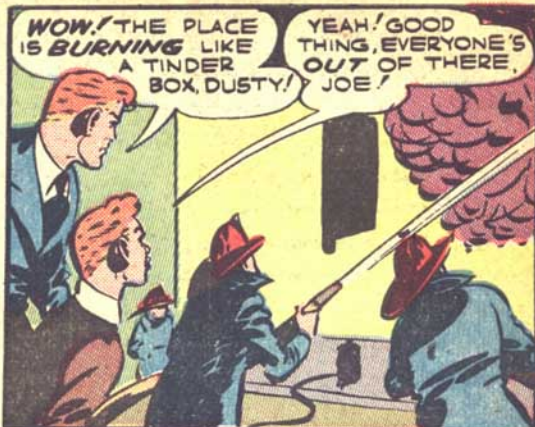


FOR YOU GOOD  
LUCK, EH,  
PIETRO!  
PERHAPS  
YOU WOULD  
CHANGE YOUR  
MIND IF YOU  
COULD SEE  
WHAT WAS TO  
BE IN STORE  
FOR YOU IN THE  
VERY NEAR  
FUTURE!  
THAT VERY  
EVENING IN FACT..  
AFTER YOU'VE  
GONE TO  
SLEEP!



WOW! THE PLACE  
IS BURNING LIKE  
A TINDER  
BOX, DUSTY!

YEAH! GOOD  
THING, EVERYONE'S  
OUT OF THERE,  
JOE!



GREAT THUNDER!  
A MAN!  
AND HE'S  
TRAPPED!

JOE, LOOK!  
ON THE  
TOP  
FLOOR!



HELP A!  
HELP A!  
(COUGH, COUGH)



A NEARBY ALLEY PROVIDES  
A SUITABLE REFUGE..

TIME FOR THE,  
SHIELD AND DUSTY,  
EH, PAL?

RIGHT!  
WE'RE GOING  
ON THE  
ADJOINING  
ROOF!



WHAT NOW,  
SHIELD?

NOW FOR  
A GOOD  
STRONG  
ROPE!



AND HERE  
IT IS.. THIS  
CLOTHES LINE!



TIE IT  
GOOD AND  
TIGHT AROUND  
YOU, DUSTY

OKAY!  
BUT I STILL  
DON'T  
GET IT!







YOU WILL  
IN JUST  
A MINUTE!

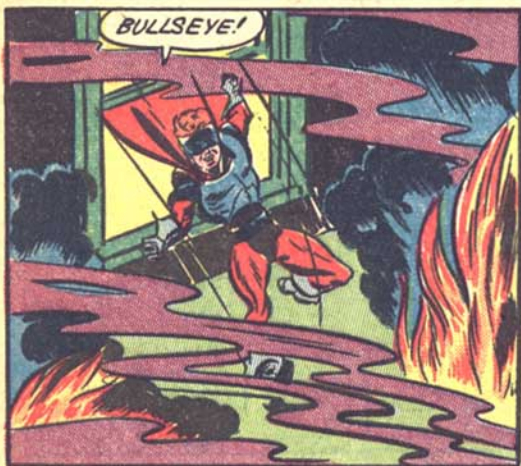


HEY!  
I'M BEGIN-  
NING TO  
UNDERSTAND!

I THOUGHT  
YOU WOULD.  
NOW JUMP,  
DUSTY!



GOOD BY!  
NOW TO SWING  
YOU INTO THE  
WINDOW!



BULLSEYE!



I'LL BE-  
GOT HERE  
TOO LATE!  
HE'S DEAD!



I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU  
MANAGED TO KEEP ALIVE,  
MONK! BUT I'LL SEE TO  
IT YOU STAY THAT  
WAY!



GOOD WORK,  
LAD. NOW WE'LL  
BOTH CLIMB  
DOWN THIS  
POLE!



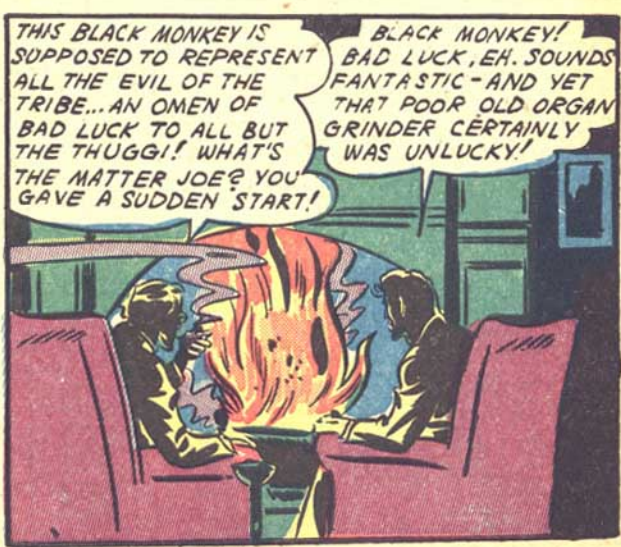
FUNNY  
LOOKIN'  
CHIMP!  
COAL  
BLACK!

GOOD LORD!  
I THINK THE  
MONK'S  
BLIND,  
DUSTY!



THAT MAKES IT  
TWICE AS STRANGE,  
SHIELD! A BLIND MON-  
KEY SURVIVES, WHILE  
ITS HEALTHY OWNER DIES!











I-I'M ALL RIGHT!  
HE-HE JUST WINGED  
ME, SHIELD-  
THANKS TO YOU!

SHIELD!  
LOOK! SARDI'S  
MAKING A  
GETAWAY!

OOO...

BANG!

DEAD! KILLED BY  
AN ACCIDENTAL  
SHOT THE  
**BLACK  
MONKEY**  
FIRED! THAT  
MONK IS A  
HOODOO ALLRIGHT!

THE SHIELD TELLS DUSTY  
THE STRANGE LEGEND OF  
THE MONKEY-

WHEW! WOTTA  
YARN! WHAT ARE WE  
GONNA DO WITH THAT  
JINX, SHIELD! KILL  
IT?

NO! I THOUGHT OF SOME-  
THING BETTER! THIS HEAD-  
LINE GAVE ME THE IDEA!

DAILY - GLOBE  
EXCHANGE SHIP TO TAKE  
JAPANESE CONSUL BACK  
TO JAPAN!  
JAPAN TO FREE AMERICAN  
CONSUL IN RETURN

AND SO IT IS, THE DAY THE JAP  
EXCHANGE IS TO SET SAIL, THE  
NIPPONESE CONSUL WALKS INTO  
HIS STATE ROOM TO FIND...

AH! SO CUTE MONKEY!  
MOST HOLY EMP-  
EROR WILL  
BE PLEASED  
TO ACCEPT IT  
AS HUMBLE  
GIFT!

EEP!

AND SO, BOYS AND GIRLS, READ YOUR NEWSPAPERS  
CAREFULLY FROM NOW ON. SHOULD SOME PECUL-  
IAR DISASTER OVERTAKE THE YELLOW RULER -  
**REMEMBER THE BLACK MONKEY!**



# The **BLACK HOOD**

MAN  
of  
MYSTERY

THE  
**CORPSE**  
ON THE  
**CHECKER**  
**BOARD**





AT PRECINCT 73...

TSK-TSK!  
HMMM...

STILL KIBITZING,  
EH, MC. GINTY?

JUST MOVE THE  
THIRD CHECKER  
IN THE KING  
ROW!

THIS  
ONE?

HE'S GOT  
YOU,  
MONAHAN!

YOU'RE AS  
GOOD A CHECKER  
EXPERT AS YOU  
ARE A COP, MC.  
GINTY/ YOU'RE  
NOT EVEN A  
GOOD KIBITZER!

BAH! I CAN  
BEAT THE LIKES  
OF YOU ANY  
DAY!

AND I'LL  
PROVE  
IT!

I CAN'T STAY  
FOR THE  
BLOODSHED!  
SOMEBODY'S  
GOT TO  
PATROL A  
BEAT!

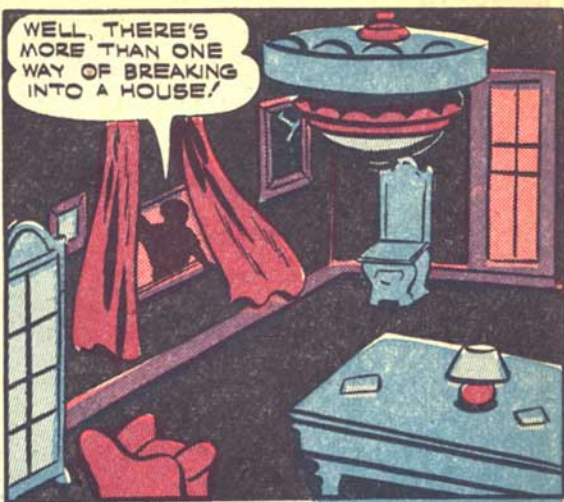
I MIGHT AS  
WELL BE A  
HERMIT, OR A  
LIGHTHOUSE  
KEEPER...

...FOR ALL  
THE  
EXCITEMENT  
I GET!

A SHOT!  
MAYBE I SPOKE  
TOO SOON!

BANG!













WHO ARE YOU?

I'M ARTHUR PENDLE!  
I'M JOSHUA MARTIN'S  
LAWYER...AND THIS  
YOUNG MAN IS HIS  
SON!



WE'D LIKE TO  
TALK TO JOSHUA  
MARTIN, IF YOU  
PLEASE!

I'M SORRY...BUT  
JOSHUA MARTIN  
IS DEAD!



HE KILLED  
HIMSELF WITH  
HIS OWN GUN!

BUT...BUT  
THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!



HE'S HOLDING  
THE GUN IN  
HIS **RIGHT**  
HAND!  
AND JOSHUA  
MARTIN'S RIGHT  
ARM HAS BEEN  
PARALYZED  
FROM  
BIRTH!



ONE HOUR LATER...

YOU KILLED YOUR OWN FATHER!  
YOU KNEW HE WAS GOING TO  
CHANGE HIS WILL!...SO YOU  
MURDERED HIM AND  
TRIED TO MAKE  
IT LOOK LIKE  
SUICIDE!

NO!



WE'LL MAKE HIM TALK...AT  
HEADQUARTERS! MIGHT AS  
WELL FINISH THAT CHECKER  
GAME WHILE  
WE'RE  
WAITING FOR  
THE CORONER!

OKAY!



DAGNABBIT!  
LOOK AT THIS  
**SILLY** GAME!  
ALL THE  
PIECES ARE  
**JUMBLED**  
TOGETHER!

LET ME  
SEE THAT  
CHECKER-  
BOARD,  
SARGE!

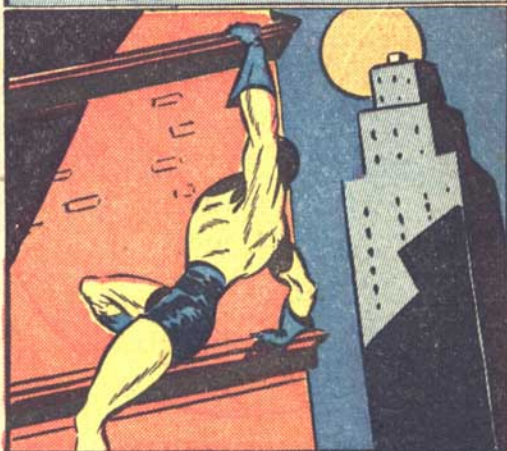






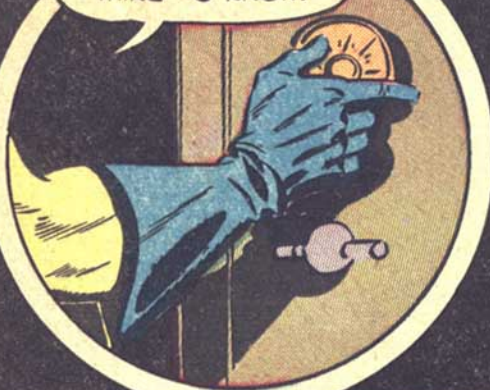


ONCE AGAIN THE **BLACK HOOD** PROVES HIS AMAZING AGILITY AS HE MOUNTS STEADILY UP THE SHEER BUILDING WALL...





CRACKING SAFES MAY NOT BE FASHIONABLE FOR A **CRIME FIGHTER**... BUT IT'S SURE A HANDY THING TO KNOW!



JOSHUA MARTIN'S WILL! THIS IS WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!



OH-OH... I'M ABOUT TO ENTERTAIN A VISITOR!



WHA-?

WELCOME TO YOUR LAW OFFICES, MR. PENDLE!



SO THE BLACK HOOD TURNS COMMON THIEF!

ONLY TO CATCH A MURDERER! YOU KILLED JOSHUA MARTIN!



YOU'RE CRAZY!

AND YOU PLANNED TO GET RID OF HIS SON BY GETTING HIM CONVICTED OF MURDER! SO YOU WOULD INHERIT JOSHUA MARTIN'S MONEY... AS PROVIDED IN HIS WILL!



YOU'RE GUESSING, HOOD! YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING!



YOUR FINGERPRINTS WILL CLINCH THE CASE! THEY'RE ON THE STATUETTE YOU USED TO KNOCK OUT THE COP! BECAUSE HE FOUND YOU ON THE SCENE OF THE MURDER!







YOU DEVIL!  
I'LL KILL  
YOU TOO!

BANG



YOU'RE THROUGH  
KILLING!!  
PERMANENTLY!

WHAM!



LATER AT JOSHUA MARTIN'S  
HOUSE!...

THE DEAD MAN  
SPELT OUT HIS  
KILLER'S NAME!  
SEE THOSE  
BLANK SPACES  
ON THE  
CHECKERBOARD!



ALL  
THE  
SPACES  
ARE  
NUMBERED!  
JOSHUA MARTIN LEFT  
OUT THOSE SPACES  
WHOSE NUMBERS  
WERE THE SAME AS  
LETTERS  
IN  
THE ALPHABET  
!!!



TO BE SURE!  
I SAID THAT  
WAS A FUNNY  
LOOKING CHECKER  
GAME! THE  
MURDERER DON'T  
LIVE THAT CAN  
FOOL  
ME!

LUCKY, YOU  
FIGURED IT OUT,  
SARGE! BECAUSE  
THERE WEREN'T  
ANY FINGERPRINTS  
ON THAT  
STATUETTE!



DAGNABBIT!  
IF ONLY I  
COULD FIGURE  
A WAY THAT  
CHECKERS COULD  
TRAP THE  
BLACK HOOD!



THAT'S ONE  
GAME I'D  
LIKE TO SEE!  
ONLY I'D HAVE  
TO BE THERE  
AS.. ER..  
OFFICIAL  
KIBITZER!

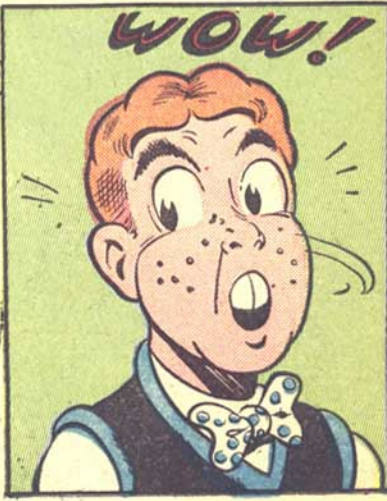
END



# Archie

in

Camera  
Bugs







WOW! YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, ARCHIE.



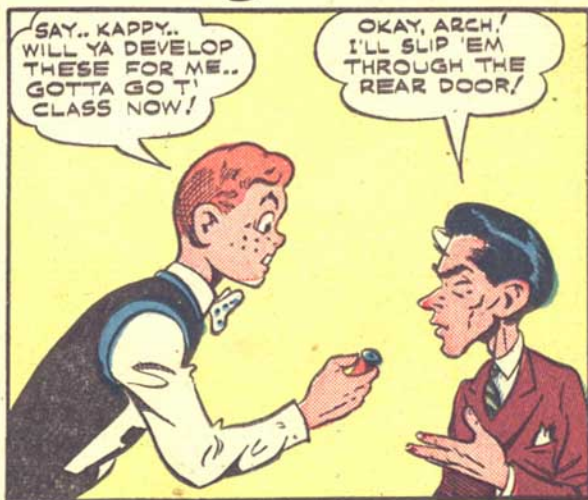
HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR DAILY WAR STAMP? DO IT NOW!

THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD... I'LL CALL IT, "SNAPPING THE SNAPPER"! ONE.. TWO...



..THREE!

ARCHIE ANDREWS! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO? GET INTO THE CLASS IMMEDIATELY!



SAY.. KAPPY.. WILL YA DEVELOP THESE FOR ME.. GOTTA GO T' CLASS NOW!

OKAY, ARCH! I'LL SLIP 'EM THROUGH THE REAR DOOR!



THIRTY MINUTES LATER...

HOW WELL I REMEMBER SHAKESPEARE'S WORDS!

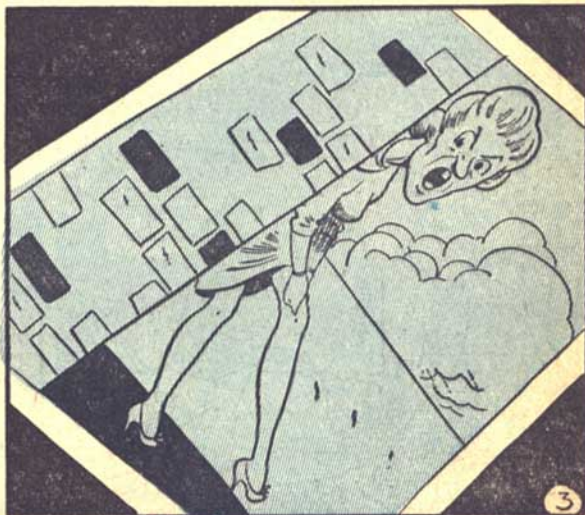
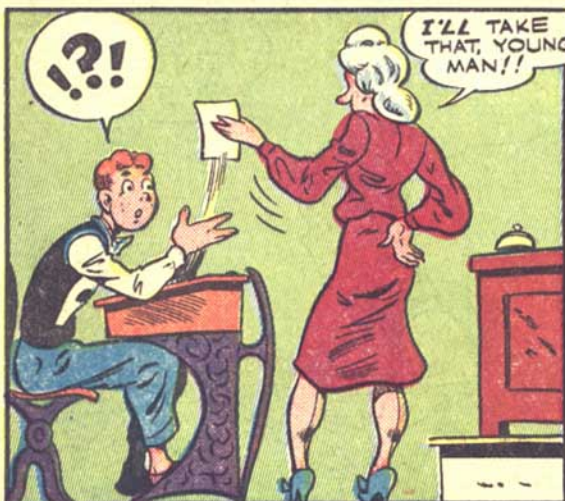
BOY! I DIDN'T THINK GRUNDY WAS THAT OLD!



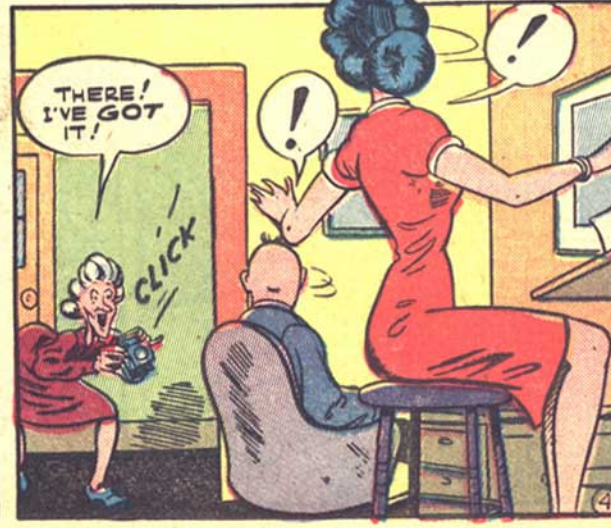
PSST! JUGHEAD! PASS THESE TO ARCHIE, WILL YA?

YEAH.. HE'S BEEN WAITIN' FOR 'EM!

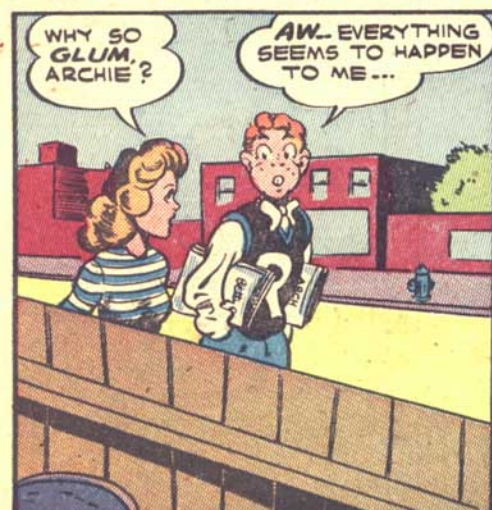








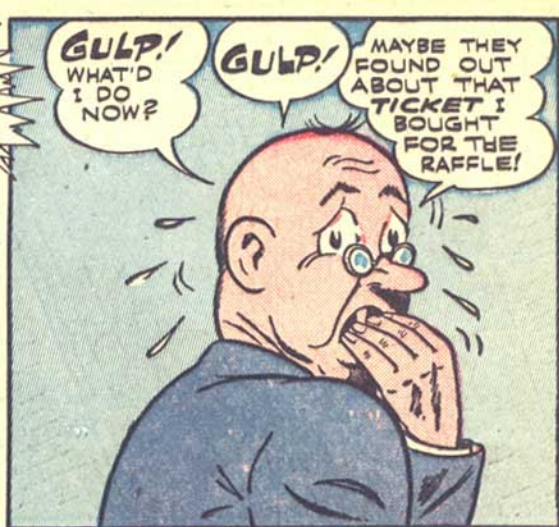








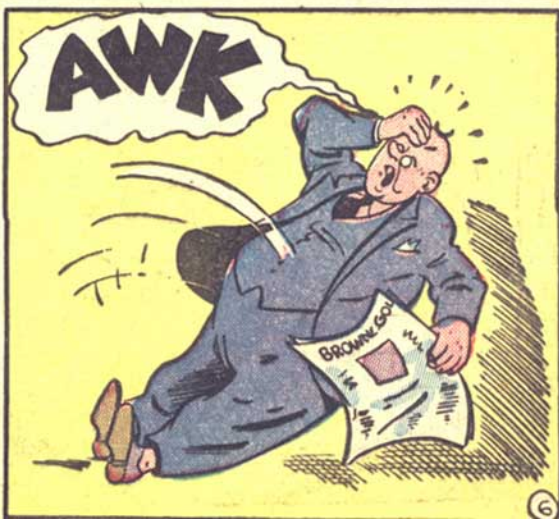
WELL! YOU  
CERTAINLY TAKING  
THIS MATTER VERY  
LIGHTLY! WE'RE  
HAVING A SPECIAL  
MEETING ABOUT  
YOU RIGHT  
NOW!



WEATHERBEE  
PRINCIPAL



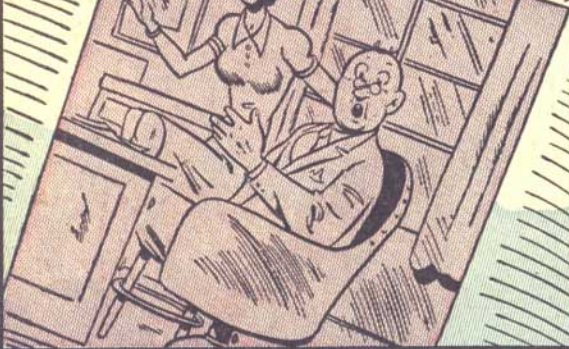
OWN & GOLD



BROWNE & GOLD



**RIVERDALE HIGH'S OWN PAPER**  
**WEATHERBEE.. MAN OF ACTION! (?)**

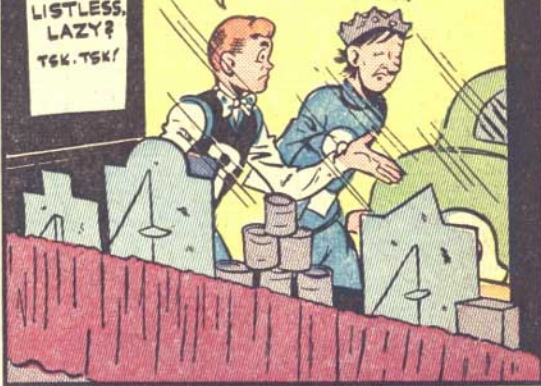


**LATER -**

.. THEN, HE SAYS, TAKE THAT BLANKETY, BLANK CAMERA!

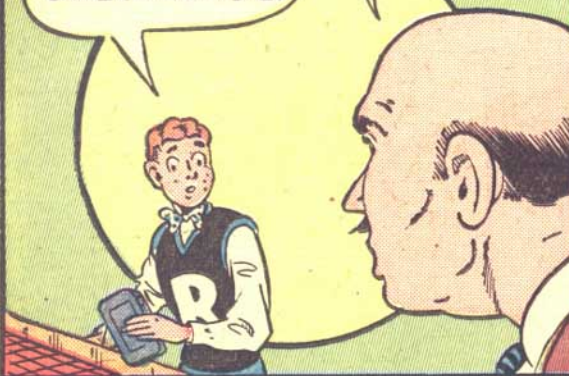
YEAH.. I KNOW.. RELAX WILL YA?

TIRED? LISTLESS, LAZY? TSK-TSK!



POP, I DON'T WISH TO SEEM UNGRATEFUL, BUT I DON'T THINK I'LL USE THIS CAMERA ANYMORE!

NONSENSE, M' BOY! DON'T GET DISCOURAGED!



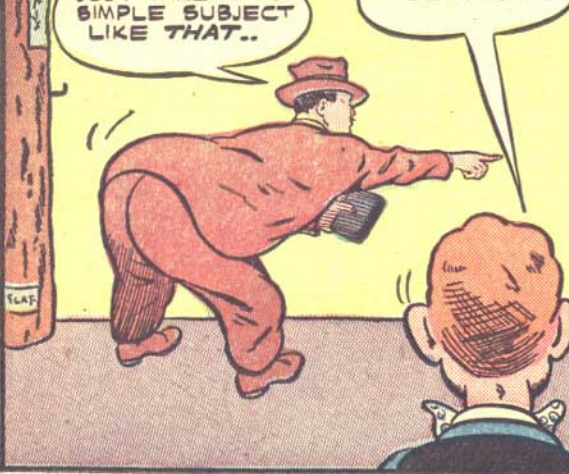
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO TAKE PICTURES, THERE'S NOTHING TO IT!

YEAH! THAT'S WHAT GRUNDY SAID!



SEE NOW.. JUST TAKE A SIMPLE SUBJECT LIKE THAT..

IT'S SIMPLE NOW ANYWAY!



SEE, ARCH, IT'S AS SIMPLE AS 'A' 'B' 'C'!

CLICK







ONE  
HOUR  
LATER





# CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the  
BOY  
SOLDIERS

## Special Communique

#14

THIS IS A VERY SAD REPORT! A VERY  
SAD REPORT INDEED! IT CONCERNS  
THE SHATTERING OF A COMMANDO'S  
DREAM!—ALASTAIR MORGANBILT'S  
PIPE  
TO BE DREAM-  
EXACT!



by CLEM  
Felt



MORNING IN THE PALATIAL  
RESIDENCE OF ALASTAIR  
MORGANBILT-

WHERE  
IS THAT  
VALET?

DID  
YOU RING,  
SIR?

CONFOUND IT! WHERE IS  
HARRY, MY VALET? DOES HE  
EXPECT ME TO DRESS  
MYSELF?

BEGGING YOUR PARDON,  
SIR! HARRY WAS  
DRAFTED INTO  
THE ARMY  
THIS MORN-  
ING!

VERY  
INCONSIDER-  
ATE OF HIM,  
I MUST SAY!

I SUPPOSE THERE'S NOTH-  
ING TO DO BUT FEND FOR  
MYSELF... WHERE IN HELL  
IS MY CUFFLINK?

IF THIS WAR KEEPS, THE SER-  
VANT PROBLEM WILL BE  
APPALLING! GENTLEMEN SHOULD  
NOT BE SUBJECTED TO SUCH  
INDIGNITIES!

YOU'LL WANT  
TO READ THIS  
LETTER  
YOURSELF!

THE  
BUTLER TAKES  
CARE OF THE  
MAIL, MY GOOD  
MAN!

IMPERTINENT FELLOW! I'LL  
REPORT HIM TO THE PROPER  
AUTHORITIES!... WHA-WHAT'S  
THIS? I'M DRAFTED!

INDUCTION  
NOTICE

UNITED STATES OF A

GREETINGS - YOU ARE  
HEREBY NOTIFIED TO  
AT YOUR LOCAL DRA  
ON TWENTY DAYS



EMILY! COME QUICK! MR. MORGANBILT HAS FAINTED!



ANYONE CAN JOIN THE REGULAR ARMY! BUT A GENTLEMAN MUST PLAY A ROLE ADAPTED TO HIS STATION IN LIFE! SOMETHING THAT HAS A LITTLE MORE GLAMOR!



SO YOU THINK THE COMMANDOS ARE 'GLAMOROUS'?



MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT I WON'T BE THERE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU!

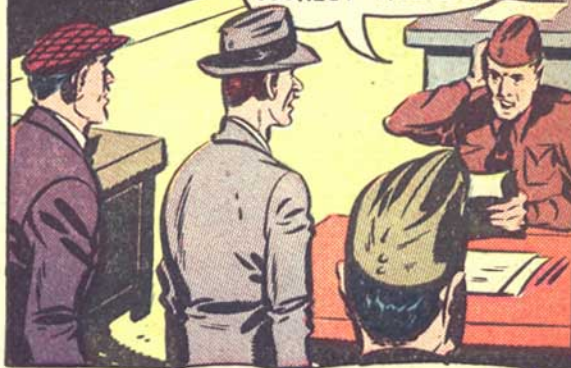
I APPRECIATE YOUR INTEREST, OLD FELLOW!



LATER, AT THE RECRUITING OFFICE FOR THE FAR-FAMED COMMANDOS...

COMMANDO RECRUITING ➔

FRANKLY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WANT TO JOIN OUR OUTFIT! YOU ARE ER. NOT THE TYPE OF MAN WE USUALLY TAKE ON!



AND SO ALASTAIR MORGANBILT WENT TO WAR! HE SUFFERED THROUGH ARDUOUS WEEKS OF BASIC TRAINING AND (BECAUSE HE WAS ASSIGNED TO COMMANDO DUTY) HE WAS SHIPPED QUICKLY OVERSEAS! THERE, ON AN ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, HIS EDUCATION BEGAN...



DOWN ON YOUR BELLIES!





BUT-BUT  
IT'S MUDDY.  
SERGEANT!

AIN'T  
THAT A  
CRYIN'  
SHAME?

WELL THAT'S TOO  
!67000 BAD! I'LL  
MAKE YOU EAT MUD  
AN' LIKE IT!

YOU DON'T WANTS TA  
GET YOUR NICE LITTLE UNIFORM  
ALL DIRTY, DO YOU?

KEEP YOUR  
HEAD DOWN!  
THEY'RE  
STRAFING!

I WON'T STAND  
FOR THIS! I'LL...  
WHAT TH...!

DIG IN, BOY! THAT  
MUD'S BETTER THAN  
BULLETS!

NOW YOU'LL GET YOUR JUDO  
LESSON! JUDO IS THE SAME THING AS  
JIU-JITSU-- ONLY IT'S NASTIER, ROUGHER,  
AND DIRTIER!





MORGANBILT!  
COME  
HERE!



YOU'RE A LAZY, STINKING,  
NO GOOD B@D@!!  
FURTHERMORE, YOU  
OUGHT TO B@%  
BEFORE \$6%!



YOU CAN'T TALK  
TO ME LIKE THAT!  
WHA?



AND THAT, BOYS, IS  
YOUR **FIRST**  
LESSON IN JUDO!

**A**FTER WEEKS  
OF MAYHEM,  
MISERY AND  
MUD, THE....  
**BIG**  
**DAY**  
ARRIVED....



YOU MEN HAVE BEEN  
ASSIGNED TO WORK WITH CAPTAIN  
COMMANDO! YOUR JOB IS TO DESTROY  
THE JAP RADIO STATION ON NUAH!..GOOD  
LUCK TO YOU  
ALL!



THAT NIGHT A LANDING BARGE APPROACHES THE NUAHI SHORE..



PASS THE COAL BLACK! TELL THE MEN TO SMEAR IT ON THICK!



GIVE YOURSELF A DINGE TINGE, FELLA!

NO, THANK YOU!



I DON'T SEE THE NEED FOR MAKING UP LIKE A BLACK-FACE COMEDIAN!

OKAY, GANG!



YOU'RE GONNA LOOK REAL PRETTY!

HELP! LET ME GO!



MAMMY



COME ON, MEN DON'T MAKE A SOUND!





STEALTHY AS INDIANS ON THE TRAIL, THE COMMANDOS WORK THEIR WAY UP THE BEACH.



THERE'S THE RADIO STATION! KEEP DOWN- AND WE MAY BE ABLE TO GET CLOSE BEFORE THEY SPOT US!



WHAT ARE YOU MUMBLING ABOUT?

IT ISN'T RIGHT! IT ISN'T GENTLEMANLY TO SNEAK AROUND LIKE THIS!



WHY DON'T YOU WAVE AN AMERICAN FLAG AND GO GALLOPING UP ON HORSEBACK? THIS ISN'T LIKE THE STORY BOOKS, BUB! THIS IS WAR!



BUT WE CAN FIGHT LIKE GENTLEMEN! AND I'LL DO IT!



FOLLOW ME! TO VICTORY OR DEATH!



DID THAT SCREWBALL BLOW HIS TOP?

NO MATTER! THE JAPS SEE US! LET'S GO!

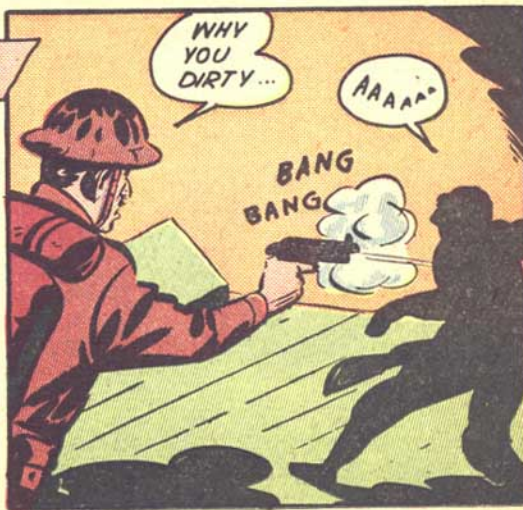
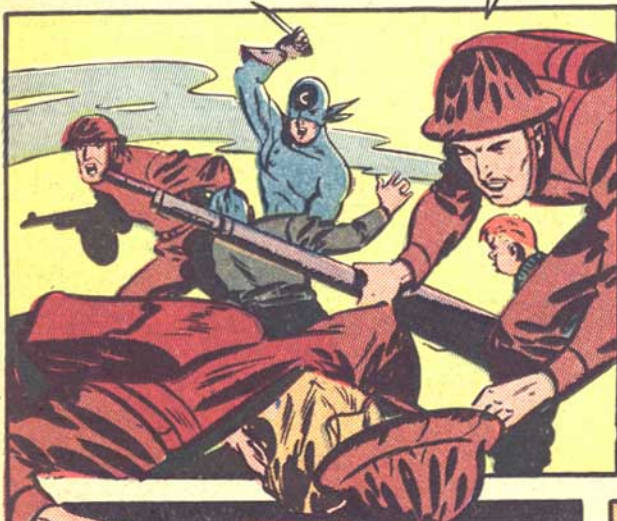
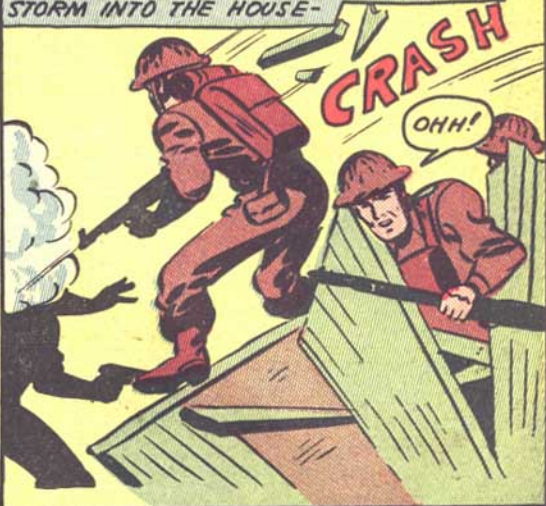




ALL HOPE OF SURPRISE GONE,  
THE COMMANDOS CHARGE DESPERATELY  
UP THE HILL IN THE FACE OF  
MURDEROUS FIRE--



FIGHTING SAVAGELY, THE COMMANDOS  
STORM INTO THE HOUSE--





SUDDEN BLIND FURY FILLS ALASTAIR MORGAN-BILT'S MIND WITH THE CRAZED DESIRE FOR REVENGE -

FIGHT LIKE GENTLEMEN, EH? THE LOUSY MURDERERS! THEY'RE NOTHING BUT ANIMALS!



SO YOU'RE TRYING TO RUN AWAY! TAKE THIS WITH YOU! HA HA HA



AND THEY'LL DIE LIKE ANIMALS! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

AIEEE!



BUT ONE WILY JAP PLAYING POSSUM, SUDDENLY HEAVES A GRENADE AT ALASTAIR MORGAN-BILT, THE ONE MAN ARMY.

AL! WATCH OUT!

BANZAI! DIE, YANKEE PIG!



AND THE EXPLOSION OF A GRENADE MARKS FINIS TO ALASTAIR MORGAN-BILT'S ONE MAN REIGN OF TERROR -



BUT AFTER THE FIGHTING IS OVER...

DE JAPS WON'T BE TUNIN' IN ON DIS WAVELENGTH NO MORE!

THANKS TO THE COMMANDO WHO MANNED THAT MACHINE GUN! HE TURNED THE TIDE OF THIS BATTLE!



AND I ALWAYS T'UGHT HE WAS TOO FANCY TO BE IN ANY GOOD FIGHT!

HE LIVED A GENTLEMAN! BUT HE DIED A FIGHTING MAN! THAT'S A TITLE ANY MAN HAS A RIGHT TO BE PROUD OF!



END



# MONEY

FOR LETTERS OR POSTCARDS TELLING  
US WHICH IS YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTER IN  
**PEP COMICS!**

**EVERYBODY WINS! NOBODY LOSES!**

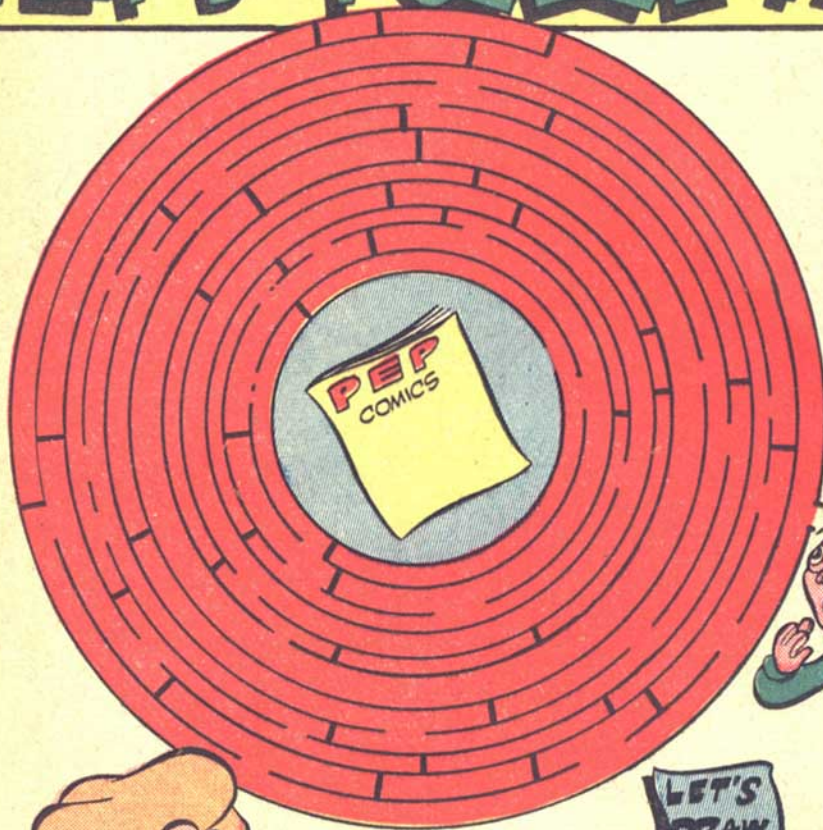
THE TEN BEST LETTERS WILL RECEIVE A  
WHOLE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF **PEP COMICS**.  
**FREE!** EVERY BOY OR GIRL WHO WRITES A  
LETTER OR POSTCARD AND WHOSE NAME  
APPEARS IN **PEP COMICS** WILL RECEIVE A  
**WAR STAMP!**

START WRITING NOW..AND LOOK FOR  
YOUR NAME! ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO  
**PEP COMICS, 241 CHURCH STREET,**  
**NEW YORK CITY!**





# PEP'S PUZZLE PAGE



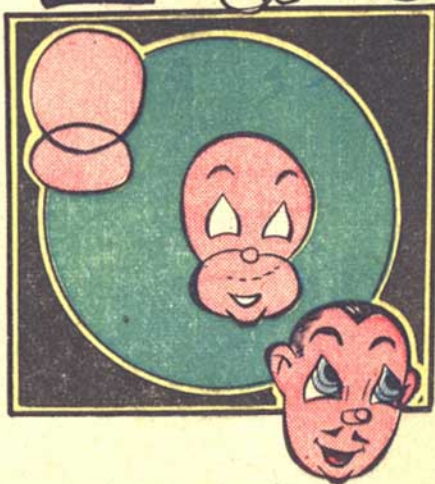
OUR LITTLE FRIEND, HERE, WAS PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS! HIS TASK WAS TO GET THE COPY OF PEP COMICS IN THE MAZE! DOES HE GET IT?



LET'S DRAW



THE MAN HOLDING UP THE SIGN SAYS THAT THERE ARE THREE CHARACTERS FROM PEP COMICS IN THAT MASS OF LETTERS! SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THEM BY USING SOME OF THE LETTERS OVER AGAIN!





Bill Vigoda

I SEE THE THRILLS OF A  
LIFETIME IN STORE FOR  
YOU. THE SENSATIONAL  
NEW COMIC MAGAZINE  
**BLACK HOOD COMICS**  
IS NOW ON SALE.  
YOU FACE A VERY  
DARK FUTURE IF  
YOU DON'T HURRY  
AND GET **YOUR**  
**COPY** BEFORE  
THEY'RE ALL  
GONE!





# THE HICK COP

by Leo Hoban

THE body lay sprawled in the curious flatness of death near the huge mahogany desk in the spacious library. The .38 caliber revolver was clutched in rigid fingers in the right hand. The hole in the right temple was precise and ringed with an uncertain and wavering circle of brownish-black cordite.

"Yep," Matt Scott drawled, "pears it's suicide alright. But it's downright strange that old man Urlap should take his own life. There's no reason for it, seems to me. He had money—plenty of it—a nice daughter and son, an' always seemed to be chipper and happy. Yessir, it's downright strange."

"Begging your pardon, sir," the butler said, "but Mr. Urlap had been very despondent of late. Something had been troubling him."

"Like what?" Scott's bushy eyebrows arched and his faded blue eyes were steady and inquisitive. Bundled in his dripping raincoat he looked like a huge and friendly mastiff. He was the one-man police force of the mountainous village of Greentree, the county seat three miles distance in the valley below.

"I'm not sure just what the trouble was, sir," the butler went on, "but Mr. Urlap wasn't himself ever since his daughter announced her engagement to that polo player, Mr. Yoder."

"Is that so?" Scott drawled. "That's interesting. When was this Mr. Yoder up here?"

"Not for two weeks, sir, when the engagement party was held in the garden."

Sheriff Scott looked through the drenched windows of the library out into the garden.

When lightning flashed and thunder rumbled the white glory of the Eucalyptus tree in the far corner showed briefly. It was the only such tree within hundreds of miles and had been the dead man's prize possession in his strange garden. Collecting strange species of exotic plants had been Urlap's hobby and his garden his pride.

"He didn't like this Mr. Yoder?" It was more of a statement than a question.

"He was civil to him, but I'm certain that he did not approve of him as a future son-in-law."

"Just why do you think that?"

"Well," the butler said hesitantly, "you could tell the way that he looked at him and he was rather aloof, too, and—"

"And what?"

"Well... Mr. Urlap recently has received a great deal of mail from a detective agency. I'm sure that he was trying to check up on Mr. Yoder."

"You seem damned sure of a lot of things," Scott grunted. "Where are these letters?"

The butler's eyes wavered. "He—he destroyed them."

Sheriff Scott's mouth went tight.

"You hear the shot?"

"No sir. I left Mr. Urlap in here about three hours ago. I found him—like this—when I brought him his evening scotch and soda. Then I called you."

"How about his dinner? It's away past dinner time."

"We were having dinner late. Miss Urlap and her brother and his fiancée and Mr. Yoder were to come to dinner. I believe the storm has delayed them. They

should have been here some time ago."

"Didn't they phone that they would be late?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Yoder phoned from Bennett about an hour ago."

"An hour ago! Why didn't you inform Mr. Urlap of this. You would have discovered his body sooner if you had."

"Mr. Urlap had left orders not to be disturbed until scotch and soda time," the butler said austere. "I always obey instructions."

Scott knew futility again. This butler... everything so damned pat. He would have liked to smack the guy around. But only city cops can get away with that.

"Could anyone get into this place without you knowing it?"

"No-o," the butler said hesitantly, "unless—" he jerked his right thumb— "unless they came over the garden wall. And that's unlikely."

During the intermittent lightning flashes Scott studied the sheer high wall and guessed its height at about twelve feet. Anyone topping that would have to have great agility and strength.

Scott tugged at his stubbled chin. "There's something about this that don't smell right, but it's beyond me. I guess I will have to call 'em." He started toward the telephone on the desk.

The ringing of the front doorbell stopped him in midstride. Its echoes rang hollowly through the huge house.

The butler looked questioningly at Scott.



"Bring them into the sitting room," Scott instructed. He looked again at the telephone, paused, then turned his back to it, crossed the library and closed the door behind him.

He was standing spraddlegged, his wise eyes veiled when the four young people entered the room. He knew the two Urlaps, but the other girl and Yoder were strangers to him.

Yoder was a six-footer, flint-eyed, and walked with the muscular grace of an animal. His eyes met Scott's and his natty mustache became a tight line above his tight mouth.

"Why—Sheriff Scott—how nice of you to come," Patricia Urlap began, then stopped abruptly. "Is anything wrong?"

"Please sit down," Scott said. He turned to the butler. "You too."

Patricia's face went pale, and her clenched hands trembled as she seated herself on the divan. Yoder took a position beside her and slid an arm about her shoulders.

Four pairs of eyes regarded the grizzled old sheriff quizzically. The butler sat primly at the edge of his chair.

"There has been an accident here—" Scott began.

Patricia turned to the butler. "You were instructed to watch father carefully, Moler," she accused the butler. "He wasn't well."

"Dammit, sis!" young Urlap said, "I told you we should have gotten a nurse and not left father with this leech."

Patricia had her hand pressed to her mouth. Her voice came in an almost inaudible whisper.

"Father is dead?"

Scott shifted his feet uncomfortably.

The butler coughed politely and said: "Very sad, miss. He took his own life—a suicide."

"No he didn't," Scott said flatly, "he was murdered!"

Yoder spun on his heel to face the butler. "You damned murderer!" he shouted. "Patricia told me about you, how you were always chiseling on the old man, but he kept you on anyway—even liked you."

"He was my master—a good master!" the butler said simply.

"So good," Yoder derided, "that he left you twenty-five thousand dollars in his will. You knew Patricia and I were coming here to live after our marriage. Then you wouldn't have been alone with him—had a chance to murder him and collect. So you took this last opportunity knowing you were safe from witnessing eyes because we were delayed by the storm."

"That makes quite a case against him," Scott says. "Might hold water. City cops I guess, would hold him—but I'm not goin' to."

"What!"

"Nope," Scott drawled, "but I'm taking the murderer in. I understand you called from Bennett, Mr. Yoder, to tell that the party would be late?"

"Why—why, yes," Yoder's voice was suddenly brittle, "just before I joined the party at Morrison. It was me that made them late, you see. Roads were in terrible condition."

"So's the bridge between Bennett and Morrison," Scott snapped. "Yup, it's in terrible condition. Fact is, it was washed out five hours ago."

"Why—why, perhaps I was mistaken from which town I made the call. It might have been—uh—"

"No—you're right—it doesn't matter," Sheriff Scott said harshly. "I'm taking you in for murder. I don't know what your reason was for killing the old man, but I got a hunch it was to make sure of your marriage and the fortune Patricia will inherit. The old man had found out something not very nice

about you, and was ready to expose you. What it is doesn't interest me. The city cops and the D. A. will present it in court. They're good in tracing down, such things. I ain't."

Some of the color returned to Yoder's face. "You old fogey, you'll hear about this. Why I'll slap a court suit on you that—"

"You won't be able, son. It's hard for a man who's going to die in the electric chair to do any suiting."

"What!" Yoder was suddenly stiff again and his head was cocked to one side as though he could hear the swift beating of the wings of doom.

"Yep," Scott lazed. "You're not supposed to have been up here for a couple of weeks, Yoder, yet the mud on the in-step of your shoes is cluttered with the brown fallen needles of the Eucalyptus tree. And there's more of them sticking out of the cuffs of your trousers. Only an athlete could scale that wall and you did that tonight."

A small automatic seemingly jumped into Yoder's hand.

"Al] right, hicktown cop, you got me but neither you nor anyone else in this room will be alive to present such evidence. You're taking it first, hick!" The gun centered on Scott's breast. He steeled himself for the impact. The two women were screaming.

As though felled by an axe, Yoder suddenly pitched face forward. The fragments of a heavy vase was scattered about the floor. Blood oozed from a gash in the side of his head.

Scott retrieved the dropped gun and turned twinkling eyes on the butler.

"Is that any way to act—throwing vases at guests?"

"Sorry, sir," the butler said impassively. "I had to do it. Shall I call the city police now?"

"Sure thing. I don't want this varmint around me."



**MLJ LEADS *the* WAY**

OTHER  
MAGAZINES!

AN  
**MLJ**  
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# DO YOU KNOW

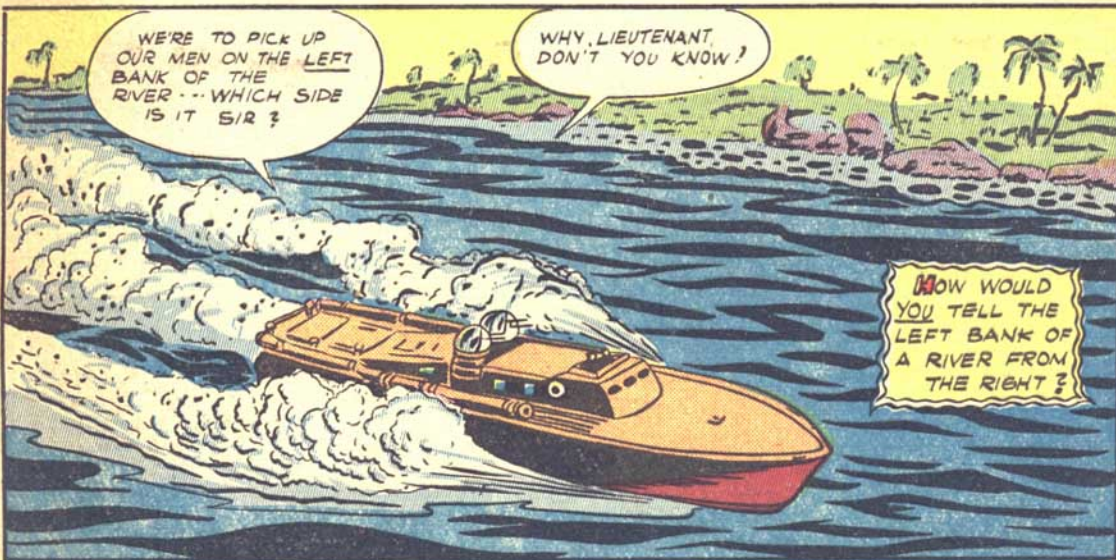
???

BY ED COCCIN

WE'RE TO PICK UP  
OUR MEN ON THE LEFT  
BANK OF THE  
RIVER...WHICH SIDE  
IS IT SIR?

WHY, LIEUTENANT,  
DON'T YOU KNOW?

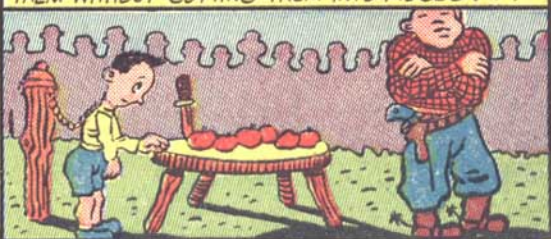
HOW WOULD  
YOU TELL THE  
LEFT BANK OF  
A RIVER FROM  
THE RIGHT?



IF YOU HAD SEVEN PIG AND TWO DIED --HOW  
MANY WOULD YOU HAVE LEFT?



TO SAVE THE LIVES OF THIRTY-SIX PEOPLE HOW  
WOULD YOU DIVIDE SIX APPLES EQUALLY AMONG  
THEM WITHOUT CUTTING THEM INTO PIECES?

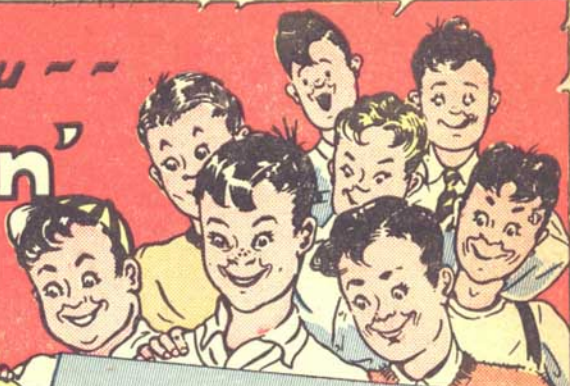


WHAT PART OF A TRAIN IS THE CALABOOSE?  
ALL ANSWERS BELOW

1. SHUT OFF YOUR ENGINES AND DRIFT --FACE DIRECTION IN WHICH YOU'RE DRIFTING -- RIGHT BANK IS  
ON YOUR RIGHT SIDE 2. YOU'D STILL HAVE SEVEN PIGS...FIVE LIVING AND TWO DEAD 3. YOU COULD  
MAKE APPLESAUCE AND CUTTING THIRTY-SIX PEOPLE INTO PIECES WOULDN'T SAVE THEIR  
LIVES...4. CALABOOSE IS A JAIL...LITTLE HOUSE CAR ON END OF TRAIN IS A "CABOOSE"



# PRIZES for You -- COME an' GET 'EM



--and MONEY, too!



SIGNAL  
KNIFE



FLASHLIGHT

WRIST  
WATCH



5 POWER  
SPYGLASS



HAND AXE



FIELDER'S  
GLOVE and BALL

**H**ERE it is Fellers—the chance of a lifetime to earn all the MONEY and PRIZES you want. Look 'em over! Are they Jim Dandies? And How! A real wrist watch, a baseball glove and ball that will really fill the bill—a regular "he man" hand axe that can split a cat's whisker—yes sir—every prize a pippin and yours in addition to a regular income that will make you the envy of your whole gang. Start today to get the PRIZE you want, and find out for yourself what a thrill it is to have real money jingling in your pocket. All this can be yours for delivering Collier's Magazine to regular customers. Send in the coupon and get started today.

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The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.  
Springfield, Ohio.

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful Prizes. Please send me your PRIZE BOOK and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away.

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SEND FOR **FREE** PRIZE BOOK



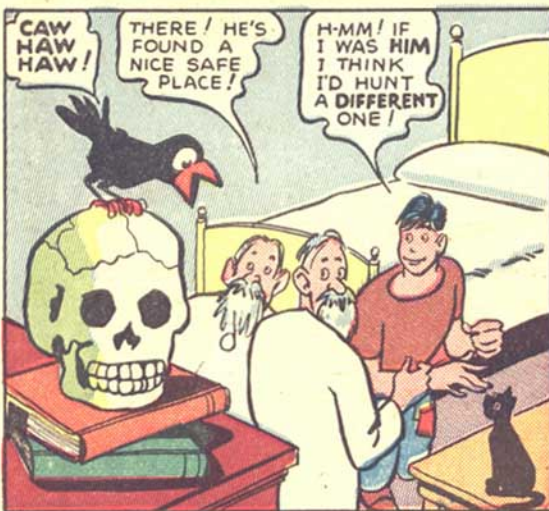
# Cattfish Joe

By  
LARRY HARRIS

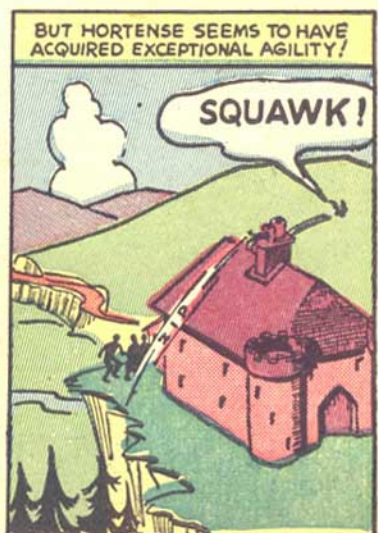
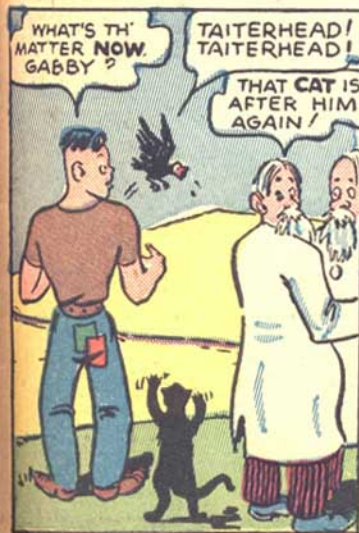
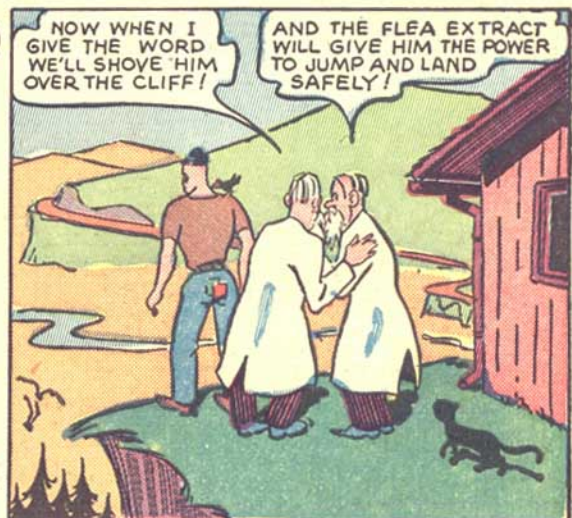
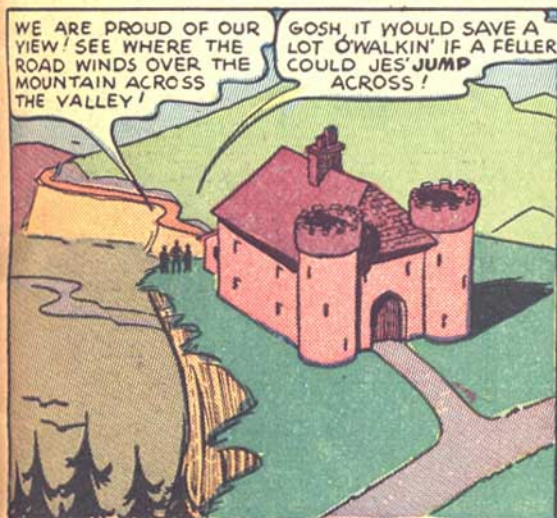
**S**Eeking shelter from a storm Joe is knocking at the door of the Mountain Laboratory of the Goober Twins -- he doesn't know that these weird scientists have just perfected a strange concoction that will make a man jump like a flea and that they are anxious to try it out on someone!



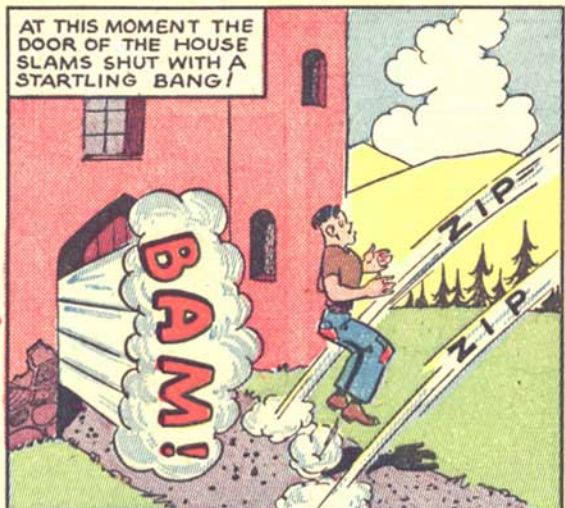
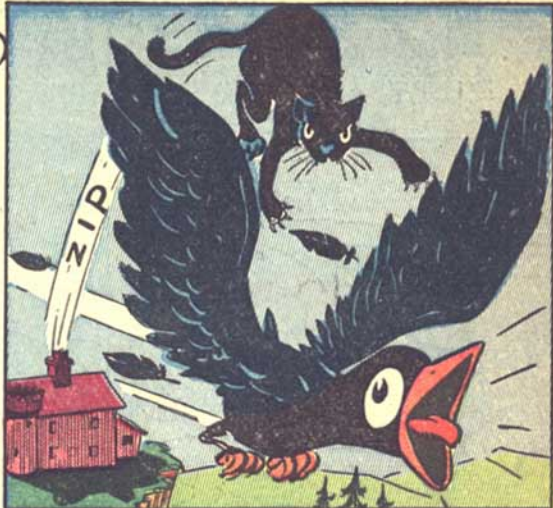




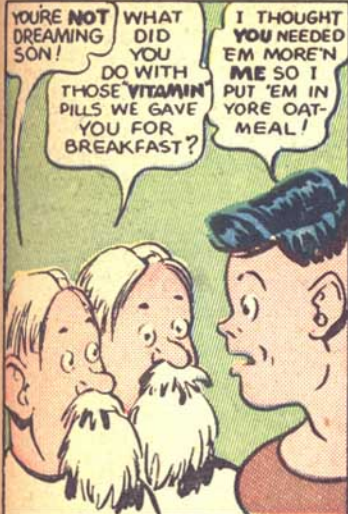












YOU'RE NOT DREAMING SON!

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THOSE VITAMIN PILLS WE GAVE YOU FOR BREAKFAST?

I THOUGHT YOU NEEDED EM MORE 'N ME SO I PUT 'EM IN YORE OAT-MEAL!



GOSH! WAS IT THEM VITYMINS THAT MADE YO JUMP LIKE THAT?

YES-THAT WAS OUR LATEST DISCOVERY! WE WERE GOING TO LET YOU BE THE FIRST TO TRY IT!



OH BOY! IF I COULD JUMP LIKE THAT I'D BE BACK HOME IN MUDCAT IN NO TIME!



WELL, HERE TRY A COUPLE OF THE PILLS!

GEE, THANKS! THIS'LL SAVE AN AWFUL LOT OF WALKIN'!



HERE'S YOUR OLD CROW BACK! I WONDER WHERE HE LEFT OUR CAT?

NOW TAKE IT EASY AT FIRST, SON! THOSE PILLS ARE MIGHTY POWERFUL!



WHEE! YO'LL HAFTA STIR YORE FEATHERS, GABBY. IF YO WANNA KEEP UP WITH ME!



GOSH - I FORGOT TO WARN HIM THAT THE EFFECTS OF THE FLEA EXTRACT WILL WEAR OFF IN EXACTLY ONE HOUR AND SEVEN MINUTES!

NO MATTER - HE'LL FIND IT OUT! ALL THAT WILL HAPPEN IS THAT SUDDENLY HE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO WALKING!



ONE HOUR AND SEVEN MINUTES LATER ---

GOSH, GABBY, WE'VE COVERED A LOT O' GROUND SINCE WE LEFT THEM GOOBER TWINS!





NOW HERE'S A SWELL SPOT  
T' SAVE A LOT O' WALKIN'!  
I KIN JUMP FROM HERE  
ALL TH' WAY ACROSS TH'  
VALLEY AN' LAND ON TH'  
ROAD OVER YONDER!



STAY BACK,  
GABBY - MEBBE  
I BETTER GIT A  
RUNNIN' START  
FER THIS ONE!

HAVE A  
CARE  
TAITERHEAD!



LOOK OUT  
GABBY! I'M  
RIGHT ON YER  
TAILFEATHERS!

CAWHAW!

**N**OT REALIZING  
THAT HIS  
JUMPING POWER  
HAS WORN OFF,  
JOE HURTTLES OVER  
THE CLIFF!  
CAN ANYTHING  
SAVE HIM?  
WHY SHORE!  
IF YOU DON'T  
BELIEVE IT SEE  
NEXT MONTH'S  
**PEP!**



## Animal-Antix

SEND IN YOUR "ANIMAL-ANTIX" TO  
CATFISH JOE PEP COMICS  
241 CHURCH ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.

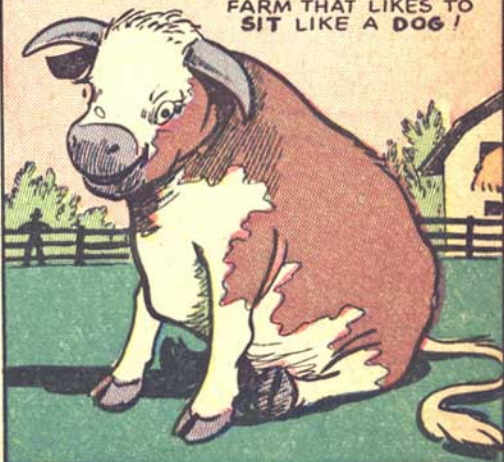
**B**RUCE GRAEBNER OF  
CLEVELAND, OHIO SAYS  
HE SAW A  
MONKEY  
DRINK  
THRU A  
STRAW!



**C**ALEB WHIMS  
OF DETROIT  
HAD A CUB BEAR  
THAT DRANK  
MILK FROM A  
NURSING BOTTLE!



**R**AMOND JOHNSON OF LOS ANGELES SAYS  
THERE IS A BULL ON HIS GRANDFATHER'S  
FARM THAT LIKES TO  
SIT LIKE A DOG!





# MARCO LOCO

by  
HUGBELL

Adventurer



rescued an oriental cast away from the sea, and journeying to the far East



Met the Great GENGHIS KHAN!

WELL ACCORDING TO MARCO'S DIARY...

LOG

At Sea,  
April 16-

I have noticed great sadness among the crew. Misfortune has overtaken us. Snooch the cook, is sick!!!

ALACK, POOR SNOOCH IS STILL ABED!

I HOPE HE RECOVERS, SOON, POOR FELLOW!

AY! (sog) FOR THREE DAYS WE HAVE NOT EATEN!

FEELING ANY BETTER TODAY, OLD PAL?

Snooch

NO! OOHNNHH

WELL, DON'T WORRY ABOUT US! WE AREN'T SO TERRIBLY HUNGRY... .. YET...

D. DON'T EVEN MENTION FOOD! OOHNNHHHHHH



ZOUHOS! I SHOULD HAVE ENGAGED AN ASSISTANT COOK! THIS IS A PRETTY PICKLE!.. AND..YUM.. SPEAKING OF PICKLES...

IT'S INHUMAN!

WHAT A HORRIBLE SIGHT! I CAN'T BEAR IT!

OH!

BANG!

THE CREW SWARMS OUT OF THE

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

LOOK!

DON'T LOOK! IT'S AWFUL!

A MONSTROUS, SLITHERING, SLIMY, SEA SERPENT!..

HURRY! JEREMY! HELP ME SWING THE STERN GUN AROUND! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



HOORAY! HE DID IT!

MARCO LOCO HAS KILLED THE HORRIBLE SEA SERPENT!

THREE CHEERS FOR MARCO!











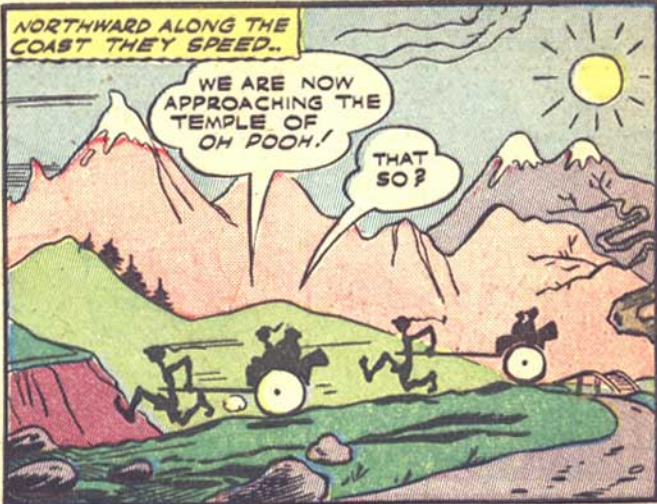
NOW QUIT  
WORRYING. BUM  
CHOW, YOU'LL  
BE HOME IN  
NO TIME!



NORTHWARD ALONG THE  
COAST THEY SPEED..

WE ARE NOW  
APPROACHING THE  
TEMPLE OF  
OH POOH!

THAT  
SO?



**HALT!**



CUSTOMS INSPECTION/  
QUOTE- "ANYONE TRYING TO  
SMUGGLE OPIUM, LIQUOR,  
TOBACCO, OR JEWELS  
INTO OH PUH PROVINCE,  
SHALL BE  
BEHEADED!"  
UNQUOTE!

GULP!



?

PSST...  
GIVE ME  
THAT,  
MARCO!



AND NOW, HAVE  
YOU ANY OF  
THOSE ITEMS,  
HMMM?

WHY, ER...  
**GULP!**  
ER...

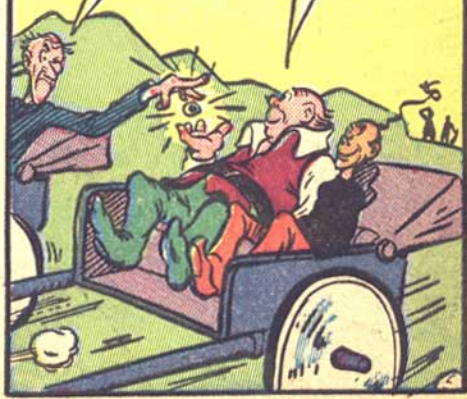


CERTAINLY  
**NOT!**  
DO WE LOOK  
LIKE SMUGGLERS?



HERE'S YOUR  
**EYE BACK!**  
TRICKY LITTLE  
GUY AIN'T I?

**WHOOIE!**  
THAT YOU  
ARE, ONE.EYE!





AT LAST, THEY ARRIVE IN SUM BUM CHOW VILLAGE...

GREETINGS, FUTURE FATHER-IN-LAW! I BUM CHOW RETURN TO CLAIM YOUR DAUGHTER'S HAND!

ALAS! YOU COME TOO LATE! EVEN NOW, SHE AND GENGHIS KHAN ARE AT THE CHURCH!

DO YOU, GENGHIS KHAN, TAKE THIS WOMAN, ETC.?

YAS!

STOP!

HAH! WHO ARE YOU TO THUS BURST IN ON THE WEDDING OF THE GREAT KHAN?

MARCO'S THE NAME! HERE IS THE LEFT EYE OF THE DRAGON OF OH POOH! KINDLY TAKE YOUR BAUBLE AND GO!

AW, POOEY!

MY HERO! LET'S FINISH THE CEREMONY!

JILTED AGAIN!

GULP!

AW, GEE!

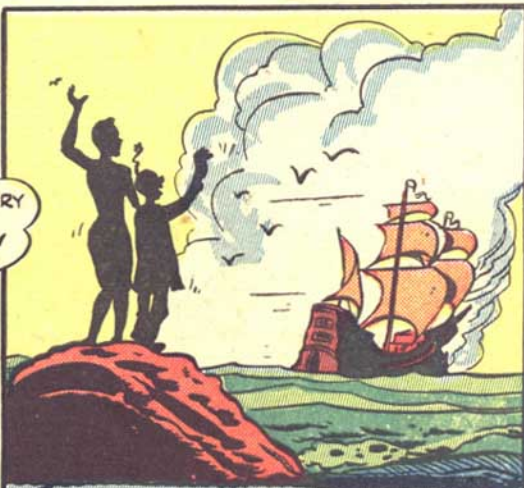
I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU TWO MAN AND WIFE!

WAIT A MINUTE, BOYS!

DON'T GO YET!

AW, STICK AROUND!

IT MIGHT BE CUSTOMARY TO KISS THE BRIDE!



SO, IT'S OFF TO NEW ADVENTURES FOR MARCO LOCO! SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!